

# Another Journal

by  
**PETT**



3/6

THE CREATOR OF JANE

*Another*

*Journal*

*by*

**PETT**



A RYLEE LTD. PUBLICATION

# PETT'S Corner



My Friends : I'm fond of animals,  
As everybody knows ;  
Besides, they help me in my work  
By crowding round to pose,  
The dogs, the cat—dear innocents,  
With sweet and artless look,  
Are all collected on this page  
To introduce my book,  
But if you fear Pett's Journal's filled  
With studies of these sibles,  
Just turn the pages and you'll find  
I'm also fond of fishes !



## My Hat

This style promises to be all the rage this summer—that is, if we get any summer. (I mean the hat.) It's just the thing for the long, hot, sunny days.

Cool and shady, it covers a large area, or, in any rate, as large an area as any reasonable person would demand. If you observe it closely (observe it closely, please!) you will notice that though plain and undecorated to the point of simplicity, without any unnecessary frills, furbelows and what-have-you, it boasts a seductive, not to say voluptuous curve; in fact, more than one.

It is nicely rounded and—by the way—are you still looking at the hat? If you are, you must be mad on hats, or a mad hatter or something.

Even the dog's tongue is hanging out, but that may be because of the heat.



## FISHY STORY

By hook or crook I'll make a cast  
To catch that saucy fish,  
And when I've landed him at last,  
I'll cook him in a dish!  
I swing the rod—the reel spins round—  
The line runs out and—*th!*  
I fear by that rap-toeing sound  
I've only caught his eye!



# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!





### PERSONAL CALL

End-to! . . . Yes . . . This is  
PARK Four-two . . .

Oh, no, I'm not Engaged . . .  
Press Button A . . . That's right,  
you're through . . .

Why fuz, you sound covered !  
I'm holding on, but I can't wait  
All right, my darling Tim,  
Unless you mean to make a date  
I think I'll dial TIM !  
Of course I love—there go the pipes !  
You're wasting time, my own !  
Come around, and leave from my own lips  
What I can't tell-a-phrase !



# Falling for you

## NATURE STUDY

Now, boys, I want you to study this springy young sapling. It's as straight and slender as a silver birch should be. That, of course, is because it *is* a birch—and that's what you'll get if you don't stend Jones Miner! What's that? You can't see the tree for the trunk? A tree has no torso, boy! Just note its slim limbs and delicate lines topped with feathery foliage. No, no, you never see anything so fine on the beach . . . .

If you shake it the leaves will fall, and—Good Heavens, girl! This isn't a co-ed class! Keep to your own form, please. You've completely ruined our lesson in bosomy!







## *Night must fall*

Night must fall for one and all  
And little girls must go to bed ;  
Just time to make a good-night call,  
Then " Sweet Dreams, Sleepyhead ! "  
For no one but the Moon may peep  
When good girls fall—sleep . . .



The most sensational case in my career (said Detective Inspector Tom Hawke, C.I.D.) was one I shall always remember as the Body in the Bath—although in the official records it's filed under the name of Black Bruno.

It was a lovely Body. We policemen don't often find one like that, in a bath or elsewhere . . . but I must tell you about it.

I'd been after this character—Bruno, I mean—for months. He was a thoroughly bad type, who'd earned his black name by being mixed up in a traffic that's known as White. Now I was on his track at last. I'd discovered, through recondite means, that he was thick with a show-girl who was supposed to help him select his victims. Trouble was I didn't know which show-girl! Once I'd got her I'd got him, but that was no easy task in a city like this, and if it hadn't been for the Body—Did I mention that before? I did. Well, I'll get on.

One night, after I'd done the round of the shows and was no nearer locating this dame, I went home and flung myself wearily down on the sofa. I was so disappointed that I hardly bothered to glance across the way to see if the girl in the opposite flat was retiring to bed. I usually knew, because she rarely took the trouble to draw her curtains, and, as a police officer, it was my duty to keep my eyes open. Besides, she was a personable poppet . . .

This night I'd had my fill of louches, and I shouldn't have looked twice at her window if it hadn't suddenly struck me that it was open, and the Body—I mean the girl—was hanging half out of it, yelling!

She was in such a state that she didn't seem to notice that her paybox was open too, and even at that dim hour, I could see she was without benefit of brassiere.

"Can you come across to my flat, quickly?" she cried, with a sort of subdued urgency. "There's a Body at my Bath!"

"It ought to be yours, by the look of you," I answered sourly.

She withdrew into her fluffy gown. "But he's dead!" she wailed. "There's a hole in the middle of his forehead!"

"Why don't you call the police?" — "I began grimly.

"I'm a show-girl, I don't want a scandal!" She glanced anxiously down into the little court that separated our buildings, as if fearful that this curious nocturnal conversation might be overheard. "Please! I thought you'd help!"

"So you're a show-girl? And there's a hole in his nut?" I suddenly remembered something I'd heard about Black Bruno—a scar—just above his eyes. "Hang on! I'll be right over!"

Could it be possible that the guy I'd been hunting round the theatres for months was living with his female accomplice almost on my own doorstep? I was soon to find out.

"Why pick on me to get you out of this jam?" I asked suspiciously, as she opened her door to me.

"Because your window's just opposite my bedroom." She coloured. "And I've often noticed you—watching me." Long, black lashes swept her damask cheeks. She was a blonde, and seemed to have everything, but this time it was all tucked away beneath her dressing gown. "Please tell me what I'm to do."

"Well, you've come to the right shop," I told her briskly. "I am the police. Inspector Hawke, at your service."

"Oh, so!" Her hands came instinctively up against my chest, as if to bar my way. "You'd better not come in! I—"

"It's a bit late now," said I, brushing past her into the main room of her flat. "Show me this body. In the bath, did you say?"

Her brief resistance collapsed. She led me into a little tiled bathroom opening off the lounge. It had a curious smell. There was certainly a bath there, half full of water, the rest of which had slipped all over the floor. But it was unoccupied. No Body (Yes, I know about the title of this story. We'll come to that later.)

Her hand flew to her mouth to suppress a little scream. "It was there! I swear it!" she panted. "I'd come back from the theatre, turned on the taps, undressed in my bedroom, and when I returned, there he—was, lying half submerged, with his eyes shut and his mouth open!" She gave a swift, dramatic representation of the victim—and I had to check an insane impulse to kiss her parted lips. "I ran back to my bedroom at once and called for you!"



"Hardly time for the Body to get up and walk out, was it?" I commented drily. "Besides, your front door was shut. I must say you're a good actress!"

She flushed. "I'm not really an actress. I'm a nude in a musical." She mentioned about the only show—an obscure suburban one—I hadn't seen!

"Name?" I had my notebook out now, in my best professional manner. "Nuda Verity. But—"

"That will be your stage name, I take it. But it doesn't matter. You go back to your bedroom and put on something decent." I took her gently by the shoulders. "While I look for clues. Then you can give me a full statement for the station."

She seemed about to resist again, thought better of it and pattered out in her little apricot slippers.

I stooped to examine the bath. The water was greenish, from some sort of bath salts, but not strong enough to conceal the colour of blood, if there had been any. The smell was unpleasant—sweet, but not fragrant. . . . Suddenly I grabbed the geyser. . . .

At that moment the bathroom door closed behind me and there was the click of a key turning in the lock—on the outside!

I didn't waste time rattling the handle or shouting. I turned my attention to the geyser. It was not that the tap had been turned on. The whole joint had been uncrowded and removed, and the gas was seeping into the little room, filling it, overpowering me with its sickly smell. The window was tightly shut and somebody had locked me in!

It all seemed as plain as a pikestaff. Black Bruno, the girl-friend who helped him in his nefarious activities, my persistent inquiries among the show-people. I had just walked into a trap.

But I wasn't going to sit down and be quietly suffocated so that the coroner could bring in a verdict of "Accidental death—while helping to mend a lady's geyser."

I sprang up on the window-ledge, upsetting a cistern of cosmetics, and forced up the catch. In a few moments I found myself in the fresh air, clinging dumbly to the coping of the wall, unhealthily high above the ground, but just next to Nuda's bedroom window. And this, providentially, was still open.

At the peril of my neck I gained her window and peered in.

She had started to dress, and had got as far as black lace panties and brassiere, when it seemed to have occurred to her to burn some kumars. Some were already in ashes on the floor, she was applying a match to another.



In one bound I was inside the room and had snatched the sootched fragment from her hand. I had only to glance at a few phrases, "Nuda darling . . . be reasonable . . . most girls live the life in Rio . . . Bruno . . ."

"So that's why you lured me into your parlour?" I said bitterly. "You thought it was time to stop my enquiries into your nasty little rackets with Black Bruno, eh?"

"Oh, no, you mustn't think that!" A hurt look came into her eyes, almost as if I had struck her. "I didn't realise what he was after—at first. I thought he was just attracted. But then Myra disappeared, and when he said he'd fixed a tour in South America for me and some of the girls, I suddenly understood his filthy game, and broke with him. In fact, I let him know I was going to report him. That's why I was so scared to find him dead, in my flat, just after our row. You saw see that."

"I might—if you hadn't locked me in your fatal bathroom and tried to gas me!"

"Locked you in—?—Gas?" Her wide, uncomprehending stare would have convinced a party of old maids. "When?"

"Just now, Miss Verity," I said, accenting the name. "Come and see for yourself," and taking her firmly by the elbow, I led her into the lounge. As we crossed to the bathroom door, I noticed a damp trail leading from it to a curtained alcove—one of those hanging wardrobes—in a corner. But I had no time to speculate, for at that moment, gush voices were heard on the landing outside, and there was a penetrating ring at her door. We both stood as if paralysed, my hand on her arm, and I think that was the first time either of us realised that she was in her undies!

"Hi-ya, Nuda! Are you in?" The letter-box was lifted and feminine accents floated breezily through. "It's us—the Girls! Open up, old thing!"

Nuda looked wildly at me as if in appeal. I nodded. "Let 'em all come," I whispered, and, releasing her elbow, sped across to the hanging wardrobe to conceal myself within.

I was instantly conscious of two most disturbing, unexpected phenomena—the unpleasant proximity of a wet body, and the still more startling jab of cold steel in my ribs. "Keep quiet!" rasped a





measured voice: "This automatic's liable to go off!" An odour of stale whiskey accompanied the threat.

At the same time, the flat door was opened to admit an influx of shrill, chattering femininity. "Thank goodness she's alive!" "Are you alone, old girl?" "—Isn't he here?"

"Of—of course I'm alone," I heard Nuda stammer, but she seemed to come with less conviction than those she had told me. "And who's he?"

"Bruno, of course, darling. It was his party—after the show—the one you wouldn't come to! He got so mad at you—and he was pretty tight when he left—that he said he was going to *kill* you!"

"Gladys swore there was a gun sticking out of his pocket!"

"Nora thought it was a hip-flask; but when he left us flat, and didn't come back, we got the wind up. Sure you're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," said Nuda in a steadier voice. "It's sweet of you to worry about me, girls, but I'm rather tired. I was just turning in."

"Oh, then, we'll go. Isn't there a smell of gas round here?"

"Yes. It's a leak. I'll turn it off on the main. Night, girls."

I heard the show-girls depart, the door close after them. Nuda was stooping to fiddle with a little gas-meter behind it when I emerged from the curtains, my hands raised ingloriously above my head and the mascot companion of my concealment showing a gun in my back.

She straightened up with a terrified shriek of: "Bruno!" and I swivelled my head to confront a dark, evil face with a deep scar denting the forehead.

"No tricks!" growled Black Bruno. "Move over to her—take her in your arms—and both face me!"

I obeyed, more to comfort Nuda than from any thought of surrender; and she came softly, trembling, into my arms as if she belonged there.



"I might have been drunk when I bust into the flat to settle accounts with you, my girl," he went on in the same menacing tone, "but I'm not now. I guess that tumble into your blasted bath sobered me up! I meant to leave you to soak—and suffocate—but I slipped while I was removing that joint. And maybe it was all for the best. You calling your flunkied friend here gave me the chance to nip out and across to the cupboard. Then I thought I'd got *five* instead—but luck was still on my side. I've got you both together now!"

"Why are you telling us all this?" I asked, to gain time.

"Just to let you know I've outwitted you, Mr. Detective. You're going to die in each other's arms. It can be a suicide pact or a shooting match. I'll leave the gun behind and let the coroner work it out for himself!"

He lifted the pistol; and at the same instant, Nuda burst from my arms and flung herself between us. With a cold thrill, I saw the muzzle poised against her bare stomach, and heard the click of the mechanism.

"To hell with that bath of yours!" Bruno screamed. "The water's got in the works!" and he came at me with the butt of the useless weapon raised for a blow. But I gave him a clip on the jaw that put him out . . .

"Well, that about closes the case," I said, panting slightly. "But you shouldn't have rushed him, Nuda, dear. The gun might have worked."

"I did it to save you," she said, clinging to me again. "I got you into this!"

"And I'm going to get you out of it, if I can," I promised, petting her a bit. "There are enough charges against him without mentioning this little incident. And you can go safely to bed while I cart him round to the station."

I'd get him as far as the door, handcuffed, when Nuda came to me again. "I couldn't sleep here—alone—after all this," she confessed. "I should have nightmares!"

I gave her a spare key of my flat. "This is to show I trust you now, Nuda, and you can trust me. Nip across and tuck yourself up in my bed. Make yourself at home. If I get back from the station to-night, I'll dose in the bath."

And that, really, is why I always remember this as the Case of the Body in the Bath. I got away from the station quicker than I had expected, and, being a perfect gentleman, I lugged a whole heap of pillows and blankets into the bathroom to make up a bed for myself. But Nuda had remembered that she had never had her bath after all, and she was at it. And, when you consider her profession, it was rather odd of her to throw the sponge at me and slap my face!

Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours  
Pussy, there's a pal!  
But please don't dig those little claws  
So deeply in a gal!  
You can purr, and so can I—  
But play fair, or the fur will fly!





## STATUES

When we were young we used to play  
 A game called Statues, which  
 Banned in odd poses not designed  
 For pedestal or niche ;  
 We sent our little girl-friends gaily spinning  
 Round and round until they came  
 Breathless to rest in comic stance—the winner winning  
 The simple game !

Now we are older we must be  
 Content to look not touch ;  
 The goddess in the garden is alas !  
 Beyond our eager clutch  
 The law will not allow the merest toffle  
 To mar her attitude,  
 Much as we'd like to play at Statues with the model—  
 When in the mood !



# Fun on the Farm!



Dear Daddy

I'm having such fun on the farm!  
I'm so glad I decided to do my bit and be a  
Land-girl. It's such a healthy life after the theatre.

The farmer wakes me every morning  
with a cup of tea and tells me not to be scared  
of the old cow, and then his wife generally comes  
in and says it's time I started milking, and she  
won't mind if I kick the bucket. The farmhands  
are kind to me too - although some of them are  
rather old hands and the younger ones, all hands -  
and give me rides on the hay-cart and a tumble  
in the hay. Oh, it's a great life!

You really reap what you sow on  
the land, and we're all looking forward to a  
litter of little pigs.

Your loving daughter

Gorcan

P.S. Please send me my Can-Can costume

I've promised to give a talk on "My Can-Can  
Tour" at the Women's Institute



Pete









## BLOSSOM TIME



She sits among the summer flowers,  
While lovers around her lightly crouch,  
So sweet and gay 'tis hard to say  
Which is the fawn—flower or girl!  
But I could tell you pretty quick  
The one that you'd prefer to pick!







Black Market Boss?



"I think it's just a bad cold you've got—I really came here to treat your pants!"

"He worked up to it gradually. First he took my tough out, then my appendix, then me!"



# EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

"What shall I put here where it says 'Date'?" —"Yes!"



"Your place is a mess! What you need around here is a woman!"

"Oh, married life's O.K. Paul! It's just the going out with one guy that gets monotonous!"





## WINDY!

Helinda gets the breeze up

When autumn winds do blow!

Her hair-do may be ruffled—

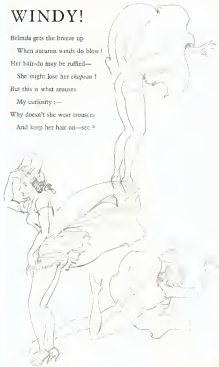
She might lose her chapeau!

But this is what arouses

My curiosity:—

Why doesn't she wear trousers

And keep her hair on—see?





Mr. Peabody, of Peabody, Pinhead and Peabody, Solicitors, cleared his throat. "And the Akkoond, after making provision for his—ah—wives and children, leaves you the sum of 90,000 rupees, to be paid, in cash, immediately."

"Oh goody!" exclaimed Digby Garden. "That should help me run my little country cottage while I'm crossing carnations!"

"I doubt it, Mr. Garden," said the solicitor, drily. "Since the annexation of Ikhabad by Pakistan, the value of the Ikhabad rupee has fallen considerably, and the exact figure that I am authorized to hand over to you amounts to five pounds, sixteen shillings and fourpence."

Digby's ingenious young face fell. "And is that all I get for sweating far five years in that climatic in the Akkoond's arid-de-camp and Master of the Revels?" he demanded ruefully.

"No, that is not all." The will cracked encouragingly in Mr. Peabody's fingers. "In addition to the cash bequest, you get an embossed camel-saddle—the silver of which I regret to say has long been melted down by the Commander of the Akkoond's Camel Corps—three Cashmere rugs, slightly moth-eaten, a silk cushion, a hookab and four dancing girls."

"Four dancing girls? I say, that's better!" said Digby, brightening. "Or is it?" He grew thoughtful. "I'm not in Ikhabad now, and they're going to look a bit out of place in England—especially the rather prim little village where I live! And how on earth can I afford 'em?"

"The ummon is not so bad as you imagine," went on the man of law. "They have not all arrived with the other items of your legacy. One of them—I think it was Passion-Flower—belonged to the Commander of the Camel Corps the day after the Akkoond's demise; another was accidentally included in his funeral pyre, and a third—Lexa-than-the-Dust, I believe—married one of the ship's stewards on the passage over. But the fourth—a rather attractive little piece called

Kiss-me-to-death-Beloved—got here safely, and now awaits your collection in my arid-room."

He arose to throw open a door while he was speaking, and Digby's eyes were dazzled by a slender, graceful figure draped, from the bridge of her little nose downwards, in a flowing silken yashmak, and little else.

"But—good Heavens!—is this all she has got on?" he gasped, reeling in his chair. "I can see practically everything except her face! How on earth can I take her to Little Crouchets like this?"

"I had anticipated that difficulty, Mr. Garden," said the solicitor, smoothly, "and have provided a voluminous, but I hope stylish macintosh which should cover all—ah—eventualities. It will cost you the trifling sum of—ham—five pounds, sixteen shillings and fourpence."

"There goes my legacy!" lamented the unfortunate young man. "This is too much! I lead a quiet, unobtrusive life in Little Crouchets, tending my carnations. I'm almost a recluse. What can I do with her? What can she do for me?"

Kiss-me-to-death-Beloved glided sinuously towards him. "I can dance for my lord," she said in soft, melodious accents, and swayed into a slow, rhythmic movement, turning round several times before him to display her hips. It was not a dance in which the feet played much part.

"No, you can't!" shouted Digby, hastily averting his eyes. "I saw enough dances while I was in Ikhabad to last me a lifetime! I'm concentrating on flowers these days."

"She might cook for you, and look after your house," suggested Mr. Peabody, doubtfully. "After all, you're a bachelor."

The girl touched the line with her white forehead. "Kiss-me-to-death-Beloved a your Slave. Command, and she will obey."

"You'll have to take her, you know," shrugged the lawyer. "Can't give the lass her marching orders. She's got nowhere else to go."

Digby mopped his brow, and thought it over. "Get up off the floor, girl," he said at last, and clapped his hands from old force of habit. "First thing, we'll have to change your name. It sounds like a motto on one of those sailor-hats you buy at the seaside. Kissmet might serve."

"Kissmet hears her fate, O lord," responded the obedient hour.

Digby glanced sharply at her. "Then you can drop the wisecracks. Call me 'sir,' see? Not so much of this slave and my lord business. They wouldn't understand you at Little Crouchets. Can you cook?"



"I can dance better, my—sir."

"No, don't start that again!" He checked her in the middle of a wriggle by raising his hand. "You'll have to learn—to cook. And to dust. And sweep. And make beds. Bed," he added, with emphasis. "You'll sleep in the little attic under the eaves. I need the spare room for guests." Another thought struck him. "I hope we don't have any, but if we should you're my housekeeper, understood?"

Kismet's great, lustrous eyes woohipped him over her yashmak.

"Well, I'm glad everything's settled satisfactorily, Mr. Garden," said the solicitor, rubbing his hands. "It might have been much worse, you know. Camels, or a couple of camels from the harem. There's a taxi outside, and with this mackintosh—" he threw the vast garment gallantly over her shoulders, trying to steal a peep at the hidden face—"you should be able to get the lady—and, ah, the other effects—to the station without occasioning much remark."

"Yes, I'd forgotten the camel-saddle," muttered Digby.

"Your servant will bear your burdens, sir!" cried Kismet, eagerly, and began piling the saddle, the rug, and the cushion on top of her dark, shapely head.

"No you don't! I'll carry the heavy stuff myself," cried Digby quickly. "We don't want to look like Stanley's expedition into Central Africa! You can bear the hookah, if you like."

He shook hands with Mr. Peabody, quoting that gentleman's envious "Goodbye, you lucky young dog!" and left the dingy London office, followed by his humble and half-obtunded dancing girl bearing the hookah like a sacred relic before her.

In the cab, Digby invited her to open the mackintosh, if she was feeling the heat, and gazed with more approval on his shapely legacy.

"Not so bad!" he murmured. "Now we're free of that lecherous old lawyer, let's have your yashmak off and see your face, my dear!"

The girl lowered her enormous eyes, and a blush mounted to the pale crescent of her brow. "Oh, no, my lord, that is one thing that I dare not permit," she whispered. "We are not married!"

"Well, I'm damned!" said Digby.

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It was not so bad—or good—as he had expected. Few people

knew him in Little Cretchett, the remote country hamlet to which he had retired after leaving the Abkond's service, and the instalment of an exotic young housekeeper in his bachelor establishment was effected without giving rise to any embarrassing gossip. He declared the village out of bounds, preferring to do the shopping himself, and confined her to his own domain. This was fortunately fairly extensive, including as it did, his garden, greenhouses (for crossing carnations), a paddock and an orchard.

The problem of her unusual attire was more difficult. Kismet resisted every attempt to put her in a skirt and blouse, but at last agreed to a compromise by discarding her flowing and transparent drapery for an almost equally revealing bikini. Her modesty would not permit her to dispense with a yashmak, however. A brief triangle of silk now concealed the lower part of her face. This was probably regarded as a protection from sunburn by the postman and occasional tradesmen who caught tantalizing glimpses of Mr. Garden's week-end guest flitting about the premises. It was, providentially, a hot summer.

Although disposed to harp on her terpsichorean talent, the young dancing girl rapidly settled down into a fairly efficient housewife. She did all the chores as capably as any chat, and with a flitting severity not usually found among that sex.

In fact, Digby was so pleased with her innocent efforts to oblige that he sometimes rewarded her by indulging her passion to dance for him. On these occasions, he either sat astride the camel-saddle on the lawn, or reclined on the cushion and mock-eaten Cashmere rug, dreamily puffing his hookah, while she wriggled and shimmied away to his heart's content.

A clap of the hands would either bring on the dancing girl, or dismiss her—as it would elicit almost any other service from her, apart from removing her yashmak.





This pleasant state of affairs went on for some time, while Digby industriously experimented with his catamans, and Kismet waited on him hand and foot. He grew more than fond of her; she had become indispensable to him. Then the blow fell.

He was thumbing through a nurseryman's catalogue in his study when he suddenly saw his Mother advancing furmily up the garden path!

Mrs. Garden rarely left her town flat to visit her son, but when she did so, it was invariably to advise him to marry and settle down.

Digby hastily clasped his hands. "Go down to the orchard and stay there until I clap again!" he commanded, and as the obedient girl fled, he sallied forth to meet his Mother.

"I was so pleased to hear about your legacy from Mr. Peabody," she was soon saying. "Quite a little nest-egg, wasn't it?"

"Well, it helps," admitted Digby guardedly.

"Now you've got some money of your own, you should really think about matrimony, don't?" Here it was again—but she had plainly heard nothing of Kismet. "It's not right for you to live here all on your own, working away without the comfort of a wife."

"Oh, I manage, Mother. I'm not the marrying type, you know."

"So you always say, and I must admit you keep your house very neat and tidy for a bachelor. But all the same it's not *Academy*, dear. You need a nice domesticated girl to look after you. And I've found the very one! I feel you must meet her, so I've invited Mrs. Graham and her daughter Kathleen to stay here for a week-end with you. Kathleen's a wonderful little manager, and—"

"If that?" Digby almost shrieked. "You've invited them to my house? You mean you two old match-makers have planted this on me! I don't even know her, and I hate managing girls. Besides, what about Kismet?"

"Kismet?"

"My new hybrid," Digby inserted wildly. "Sort of flesh tint, with black markings like eyes. I'm calling it Kismet."

"I'm sure Kathleen won't interfere with your work, dear. She'll be most interested. And if you don't take to her, you need not pursue the acquaintance. After all, it's only for a week-end...."

"It's only for a week-end," Digby found himself explaining to Kismet a few hours later, when his clap had brought her eagerly to his side. "You'll just have to camp out in that tent down in the orchard until these blasted females are out of the house. I'll keep 'em up this end." But the girl had fallen strangely silent....

And on the morning of the fatal week-end, when he went down to give her a final warning to make herself scarce, he found she had actually disappeared. She had gone—without even troubling to erect the tent as a blind!

He was so distracted that when his Mother brought the Grahams along he could hardly meet their eyes. Mrs. Graham was a stout, middle-aged lady, and Kathleen was a slender young one, and that was about all he noticed. He showed them round the house and grounds on a sort of trance; he even took them down to the orchard in a defiant hope that he would catch a glimpse of a shy, sunburnt figure lurking among the trees; but in vain.

He was relieved when the ladies complained of the heat, and his Mother and Mrs. Graham retired into the lounge, while Kathleen begged leave to change into something cooler.

"I've only just come back from a holiday, you know," she explained apologetically, "and I've got so used to going around in bathing kit!"

Digby wandered out into the garden, paced through his greenhouses, reviewed the desolate orchard, and returned—to find Kismet-to-be-dead-Beleved, in her original khaki costume, busily practising one of her most voluptuous dances on the lawn!

"Kismet—dancing! Where on earth have you been?" He almost rushed at her. "You must go! You mustn't be seen here!"

"Why not? I'm your guest for the week-end, aren't I?" The voice was different under the yashmak, yet strangely similar.

"What do you mean? Who are you?" he demanded wildly.

"I'm Kathleen Graham, of course," was the sweet reply. "I felt like you about this match-making stunt which my mother and yours were hatching between 'em. So when I heard about your legacy I persuaded that old darling Peabody to add me to the Abkissand's bequests. I wanted to find out what you were like in your natural habitat before I came here to your guest. Mother thought I was on holiday while I was abusing myself before you. And I found my Lord agreeable in the eyes of his slave. How did your willing little dancing girl appeal to you?"

Digby's answer was to lift the yashmak from her face. "I don't care if we're not married—yet," he said, and his lips found hers....

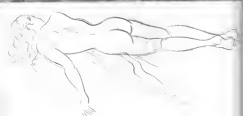
At that moment, the two scandalised mothers came hurrying out. They felt that their match-making schemes were progressing too quickly, and too far.



## "SHEER" BEAUTY

Her boy-friend gladly soaks the hills  
On Nellie's nylon—plus the daisy—  
Content to watch her when she fills  
The shimmering hose with such sheer beauty:  
Although no doubt, to crown his bliss,  
He claims the "custom"ary kiss!





# THE SPECTRUM

*A Lecture on the Primary Colours*

By PROFESSOR PEEP

The colours of the spectrum are red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet and these two young ladies have kindly consented to exhibit them for the purposes of this lecture, gentlemen.

Gentlemen prefer blondes, but if you're so gentlemen the redhead on your right may be your cup of tea.

Tea is a healthy beverage, and the sea-rose reminds me that I'm having tea with Rose (that's the blonde in the flowery kimono). The rose is red, the violet blue, and the grass is green and so are you. Well, if you're not going to listen you'd better look . . . The ladies will now step down from the platform and — please, gentlemen, don't rush! Mind my spectrum—I mean spectacles . . .



PET





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# MAISIE FIGURES IT OUT









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THE  
END!



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